

The Subjects Thankfulnesse:

FOR,
God-a-mercie good Scot,

To the tune of, *Blow Cap for mee.*



Long time hath sweet England enjoy'd her peace,
under the good government of prudent Kings,
Since Royall Elizabeth that Queen did cease,
those jesses in this nation her same ever rings,
And in the next after that doe her succed,
as James of the Scots, a good King indeed,
Our gracious King Charles he also begot,
whom God still preserve here & blesse that good Scot.

Who causeth Protestors to hang down the head,
they now from their projects begin to shrink back,
Promoters, Informers, with grief are half dead,
because they're afraid their old trading to lack;
I think they'll beyond sea to frolicke and play,
after Giles mum Parson who led them the way,
If Empson and Dudley have left them by lot
a twist thread is spun, God-a-mercy good Scot.

How hie were they flown on the wings of their hope
whilst they by their projects increase their bags,
Their Pattens for pins, for Tobacco and sope,
for glasses, for leather, for pipes and for rags;

False Dice and false Cards too, besides a great fire,
they yearly receiv'd by inhancing of wine
The tide now is turning, let's drinke tother pot
and merrily sing God-a-mercy good Scot.

To play at hope now our papists doe stribe
since they were commanded away to begonne;
Who late with the devill a bargain did dribe
but now to themselves he hath left them alone
The peace of this kingdome they sought for to marr
to change our sought plenty to famine and warr:
But now it is thought th'ls pay the whole shott
when the reckning is drawne, God-a-mercy &c.

Where are these prond Papists that stridle so wide
let them to Rome like Pilgrims range
for such as doth thinke the whole mone to bestride
cannot proceed long ere they meet with a change;
They have tread on our Nobles to trample the down
to set up their miters above the Kings Crowne,
That ere this was Clarke the Vicar hath forgot,
but pride will come down, God-a-mercy good Scot,

The second part. To the same Tune.



But is there no hope now at such a dead lift, (longer
what must they be packing that saine would stay
To break up the Parliament is there no shift?
and fill this our Nation with error more stronger,
For dare they repose any faith in their Creed,
since there Avi-mary doth saile them at need,
The House is acquainted with every fine plot,
their minas is blown up, God-a-mercy good Scot.

With Scriptures divine they do play at fast and loose,
to fast a whole fortnight they'll make you believe,
And turne holy writ to fat Capon and Goose,
yet make the unlearned fast every Saint Eve,
Their guts is their god, Religion they mock,
to pamper their flesh they would famish the flock,
To preach and to pray they have almost forgot,
which now they'll be taught, God-a-mercy good Scot.

Although this faire Island abound with such crimes,
it all by the Parliament yet shall be purg'd,
So that all good Subjects shall see better times,
although that Protestors doe feare to be scourg'd;
Then let us not faint like men without hope,
a halter for Traytors, a sig for the Pope,
Let Spaine and the Trumpet of Babylon plot,
yet we shall be safe, God-a-mercy good Scot.

Have you no more Books by whole cart loads to burne,
sent o're from beyond sea unbound up in haste,
You see that our Nation's not like for to turne,
your English Composers have studied in waste,
The Hang-man with burning the last was so heat,
it's doubtfull that he a great surfeit did get,
for since he is dead, yet the sonne he begot,
can work on his trade well, and tie the right knot.

The Miser shall never liberall give to the poore,
and one man all trading no more shall ingrosse,
The City shall cozen the Country no more,
to build up their fortunes on other mens losse,
Oppression shall down while Justice doth smile,
Rice Riot and Popery shall banish this Ile,
Religion shall flourish without any spot,
if this come to passe, God-a-mercy good Scot.

FINIS.

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